

And every one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his feuerall Mistrisse: which they'll know
By fauours feuerall, which they did bestow.

Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sure, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:

They doe it but in mocking merriment,

And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.

Their feuerall counsels they vnbosome shall,

To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.

Vpon the next occasion that we meete,

With Vilages displayd to talke and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?

Queen. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,

Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:

But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,

And quite diuorce his memory from his part.

Queen. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,

The rest will ere come in, if he be out.

Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.

So shall we stay mocking extended game,

And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.

*Enter Black-moors with musick, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffara.

Page. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd
their backs to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backs to him.

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Page. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out.

Boy. True, out indeed.

Page. Out of your fauours heavenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beholde.

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

Page. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,

You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Page. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

Rosa. What would these strangers?

Know their mindes *Boyet.*

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will

That some plaine man recount their purposes.

Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princes?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.

Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,

To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,

To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches

Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,

The measure then of one is easlie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,

And many miles: the Princeesse bids you tell,

How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps,

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How manie wearie steps,

Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,

Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

Ber. We number nothing that we spend for you,

Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,

That we may doe it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That we (like sauages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.

Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,

(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.

Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,

Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play musick then: nay you must doe it soone.

Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus

stranged?

Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now she's

changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rosa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to

it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,

We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rosa. Onelie to part friends.

Curtie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin. Prise your felues: What buyes your companie?

Rosa. Your absence onelie.

Kin. That can neuer be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,

Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In priuate then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Qu. Honey, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice

Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:

There's halfe a dozen sweets.

Qu. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,

He play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Qu. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou greest my gall.

Queen.

Qu. Gall, bitter.

Ber. Therefore meete.

Qu. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Qu. Name it.

Mar. Faire Ladie.

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord.

Take you that for your faire Lady.

Qu. Please it you,

As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.

Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.

And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a

Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word.

Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:

Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe

mockes.

Will you giue hornes chaff Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the Razors edge, inuisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

About the fense of fense so sensible:

Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,

Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things

Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,

breake off.

Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple

wits. *Exeunt.*

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.

Are these the breed of wits so wounded at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes

put out.

Rosa. Well liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.

Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?

Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was vweeping ripe for a good word.

Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:

No point (quoth I) my seruant straight was mute.

Ka. Lord *Longanill* said I came ore his hart:

And trow you vvhath he call'd me?

Qu. Quahme perhaps.

Kat. Yes in good faith.

Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.

Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,

But vvill you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And *Longanill* was for my seruice borne.

Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,

Immediately they will againe be heere

In their owne shapies: for it can neuer be,

They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will

And leape for ioy, though th

Therefore change Fauours,

Blow like sweet Roses, in th

Qu. How blowv? how bl

stood.

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt,

Dismaskt, their damaske sw

Are Angels vailing clouds, o

Qu. Auant perplexitie:

If they returne in their owne

Rosa. Good Madam, if by

Let's mocke them still as wel

Let vs complaine to them vv

Disguis'd like Muscouites in

And wonder what they were

Their shallow shoues, and

And their rough carriage fo

Should be preiented at our T

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw

Queen. Whip to our Tent

Enter the King

King. Faire sir, God saue

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maieftie com

King. That she vouchsafe

Boyet. I will, and so will sh

Ber. This fellow pickes

And vtters it againe, when

He is Wits Pedler, and retail

At Wakes, and Waffles, Ma

And we that sell by grosse, t

Haue not the grace to grace

This Gallant pins the Wenc

Had he bin *Adam*, he had t

He can carue too, and lisp

That kist away his hand in

This is the Ape of Forme, M

That when he plaics at Tabl

In honorable rearmes: Nay

A meane most meanly, and

Mend him who can: the La

The staires as he treads on t

This is the flower that smile

To shew his teeth as white

And consciences that wil no

Pay him the dutie of honie

King. A blister on his sw

That put *Armatboes* Page o

Enter the

Ber. See where it comes.

Till this madman shew'd th

King. All haile sweet M

Qu. Faire in all Haile is

King. Construe my spee

Qu. Then wish me bett

King. We came to visit

To leade you to our Court,

Qu. This field shal hold

Nor God, nor I, delights in

King. Rebuke me not for